

# The Deal

*Junk Food - II*

meapuniverse

## The Deal by meapuniverse

**Series:** [Junk Food \[2\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** 2016-ish, Blood, Gen, No Porn, No Romance, Popcorn, Reader is in college age, Slow Build, Swearing, next time pennywise wakes up after the losers timeline

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Pennywise (IT), Reader

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-09-24

**Updated:** 2017-09-24

**Packaged:** 2020-01-20 18:10:31

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,764

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

When you first met Pennywise you were scared shitless, and you pretty much bribed him with popcorn and coke hoping that he would let you go.

And much to your surprise, it worked!

Now you just had to get your mind around it.

# The Deal

## Author's Note:

Hello guys, i'm back at it again, this one is going to be a little boring for you all, i think.

Reader is trying to accept their new situation, and this asshole clown isn't helping matters  
i'm trying to keep Pennywise as close to character as possible so bear with me please :)

English is not my first language, any errors please let me know

After you first encounter with the clown you didn't leave the bed until you were forced by your "responsibilities", going to college and all that could wait for a day or two...but not for three.

So on Wednesday you got up and went about your day as normal as possible, nothing else had happened, you didn't even had nightmares.

You got into the bathroom, and tried to clear your thoughts, it's already been like three days and you were still alive! That's good! Just stop thinking about it for at least 5 minutes and enjoy your shower for fucks sake.

You turned the water on hot, it was getting chilly outside, it was already November, and so what's better to cold weather than a nice warm scalding shower? N o t h I n g ~

You got into the shower and let the water hit your back, relaxing your muscles after a few seconds.

ahhh now this is life! Thank god that you bought it with a bag of popcorn- nonoNOONONO don't think about it.

You closed your eyes and blocked everything else, you could only hear falling water, relax...relax....

You made to grab the soap when you heard it, the soft sound of bells.

“Oh hell no, not again”

You focused on cleaning yourself, if the fucking clown hadn't killed you that time then why the hell would it kill you now? (That would be *Rude*)

So you ignored it

'It's not real it's not real it's not real it's not real it's not real' you started chanting in your head, you got your new mantra already.

That's when you looked down and noticed the blood.

Surprised, you tried to find the source, but your feet were fine and you apparently had no cuts or anything on your body so where the hell is the blood coming from?

“It's not real it's not real!” now you were chanting it out loud, thank good you lived alone!

And just then the water coming from your shower started to turn a

really sickening red.

“ugh it’s not real it’s not real it’s not real it’s not real!” the water pressure rised, it was kind of hurting now, but you somehow knew that getting out of the shower would only make things worse.

“IT’S NOT REAL IT’S NOT REAL IT’S NOT REAL IT’S NOT REAL” you screamed, but the pressure only got more powerful and NOW it really did hurt!

Hmm... you were starting to notice a pattern.

“IT’S NOT FUCKING REAL!” you yelled as if he were right in front of you, after all, the water was already crimson red and hurting, what could go worse?

And you got your answer when the water turned hotter...TOO FUCKING HOT!

“UGH OKAY OKAY FINE! IT’S REAL IT’S REAL IT’S REAL! JEEZZ”

And that’s when it hit you...It IS real, you really were about to die at the hands of some demon clown monster, you were almost killed, without any warning you could have been devoured and no one would know what happened to you.

After that epiphany you felt as if some kind of energy had lifted from the room

The scalding water turned cold and went back to normal, the new temperature made you shiver and you hugged yourself out of despair, it seems you were finally accepting your situation.

“ugh, fuck reality” you said bitterly, as you shut the water off, all the blood had disappeared as if it had never been there, but now you knew better than think about that possibility.

You put your towel around you and got out of the shower, the mirror was all foggy so you had to get out of the bathroom if you wanted to check your body (just in case!)

You had a mirror in the bedroom, so no big deal.

You went to the bedroom and opened the door, you felt your heart stop beating for a second.

On the wall across from your door, there was a message written in big red letters

“I am real”

Wow ok, that was unnecessary, he just gave you a bloody shower you got the message!

Still, you couldn't help but tremble while you cleaned the message.

“Hey! I'm going to leave a pencil and some paper here next time, no need for all the blood!” you said out loud, hoping that he wasn't actually there, but who knew.

You really didn't want to think about whose blood that was.

Now that you accepted your fate, everything seemed better, not in the “all is fine” better, more like an “it could be worse, at least I’m alive” better.

You went about your day, no longer denying his existence, but that doesn’t mean you were happy about it.

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By Friday night you were a nervous wreck, you considered preparing the popcorn just to be ready, but he wanted the caramel kind and you had never prepared it before, and you had always heard that it was messy and it never ended well.

So you had to wait until next day and go to the cinema and buy them fresh, you guessed you would meet him at the same place at about the same time, you didn’t even know it this was going to be a weekly thing, maybe he only wanted to try the new popcorn and then let you go?

You had tried to ask him (kind of), wondering out loud if that time and place was fine, but he had left you alone after the whole shower thing, so you thought ‘if he wants to meet somewhere else then I bet he will fuck my shit so I end up there or whatever’

Ok now the popcorn problem was solved...but you were terrified of going to sleep.

What if the little shit goes into your dreams or something to remind you of your “Deal”? It was one thing to be scared in the waking world, but you honestly wouldn’t know what to do if he invaded your dreams, they were your sacred place.

Oh Well, you always pulled all nighters for college, now you are

doing it for your sanity, no big deal.

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The next morning you felt like shit

God, why did you do this to yourself? Homework all nighter and stressed all nighter where very different it seemed.

Ok just 10 more hours to go

You decided to not take a shower that day, just in case.

You started to work on some things you had to do for a class, apparently the only thing keeping you from procrastinating on your homework, was procrastinating the date you had with the clown.

3 hour later you couldn't focus anymore, so you went about cleaning the apartment and the kitchen, maybe you could bake him some cookies?, Nah he didn't really loved them, and it's not like he asked for some or anything.

Coke! He liked it! And you were out of those anyway, what a great opportunity to waste some time at the store!

You grabbed your keys, your coat and left your home, and what a beautiful day it was! So nice that you decided to walk to the store to waste more time do some exercise.

The walk to the store was eventless, after all you walked looking straight ahead and ignoring the trees at the side of the road...

For a moment you felt anger.

The trees were one of your favorite parts of Derry, it was so full of nature! A big change from your old city, and now you were too scared to look at them because you could come face to face with a motherfucking human eating clown!

You felt as if he were taunting you, as if he knew how that made you feel, and he probably did! That bitch can smell fear!

That only made you angrier.

Blood pounded in your ears, your breathing became erratic, and the worst of all, tears started to form in your eyes.

All you did was to have a picnic alone, was that such a crime? That you had no friends yet (and probably now never would) was going to get you killed?!

It's not fair it's not fair it's NOT FAIR!

You took a deep breath

You had to calm down you couldn't give him the satisfaction of breaking down so easily.

Maybe this was how it was supposed to be? Maybe if you hadn't had that picnic you might have gotten killed without any popcorn to bribe the clown with?

Then again maybe without the picnic you wouldn't be in this situation at all.

Ugh, you were reading too much into it, it's not that deep, Right?

You only had to bring some popcorn to the river once a week to convince the local demon to not kill you.

...shit

After that little breakdown, you entered the store (the people around you were looking at you as if you were crazy and that wasn't helping your anxiety) and tried to take your mind off things, you liked just walking around the store, checking the new things and the sales (you loved a good sale!)

Without noticing you had already lost two hours inside the store, no wonder your feet hurt.

Aaand you still had like 3 hours to go.

You grabbed a six pack coke and finally left the store, there were more cars than earlier so you felt safer to take a peek to the trees here and there on your way back home.

Once you got home, you put the cokes in the fridge and went to the livingroom to watch some T.V.

But god you were so tired...and the sofa you were sitting in was sooo comfy, maybe...maybe just a quick power nap would help.

Yeaah you closed your eyes

Just 20 minutes you said

*You were walking by the river, it was already nighttime, the moon was round and beautiful reflecting on the water.*

*That's when you noticed the color of the water*

*The water was crimson red an- really? Is that the best you can do? A river of blood? That's original, you did the same thing three days ago you know.*

*The clown surged from the waters, clearly offended, how dared you to insult his nightmare creation?*

*Without any warning he had you by the neck and lifted you up, you had to concentrate on breathing, reminding yourself that the body outside of this dream could still breathe so you could too.*

*This only seemed to entertain him, his yellow eyes bored into yours, his mouth formed a terrifying smile, you could see the rows of teeth and there was too much saliva dripping down his frills.*

*He chuckle darkly "Don't be late" and opened his mouth to devour you, you could see a faint light down his throat-*

You sat up with a gasp, sweat running down your forehead and your heart beating like mad.

You slept almost an hour, still two hours to go.

After that scare you weren't going to sleep until this whole deal was over.

After one hour of flipping through channels mindlessly, you got up and took the cokes from the fridge, it was better to leave early because you still had to buy the popcorn, and who knows, maybe the clown gets there early and thinks you won't show up and then he will hunt you down

You doubted he had a watch.

This time you did take the car, you went quickly to the cinema and bought the biggest box of caramel popcorn they had, if this keeps happening you might have to get a job to buy all the shit he might ask for.

After that you finally got on your way to the river, you parked in the same place as last time and got the cokes and the popcorn out.

You went to the exact same place you were in last week and sat down to wait.

You still had 30 minutes until sundown, so you tried to enjoy the nature around you.

For some reason you felt that eating popcorn from “his” box would offend him, so you grabbed a coke instead, you needed to keep yourself busy or else you would bite your nails down to nothing... again.

The tension was killing you, he could appear at any moment, but you guessed that if he didn’t tackle you into the river it was already going to be an improvement.

The sun was finally going down, the first stars appeared, and that’s when you smelt it--HIM

Well, now you knew how to tell when he arrived

before you could react big hands took you from behind, a tall body was pressed against your back, you could feel saliva dripping on your shoulder, the hands covered your eyes while his growling voice whispered in your ear “Gueess whooooo” he said as if it was the funniest thing in the world.

If this is how he was going to be, you were seriously thinking about throwing yourself into the river

“P-Pennywise the Dancing Clown?” you responded, amazingly enough you weren’t as scared as you were the first time.

“Correct!” he said, while laughing in his creepy as hell way, you wondered if he knew it sounded horrible or if he actually believed that’s how clowns laugh.

He took a big sniff out of your neck “What is this new smell? It doesn’t smell quite like fear” he chuckled.

At that moment you knew he was saying it because you hadn’t showered that day, which meant two things

One: you were right in not taking a shower that day and

Two: he had been watching you

The second one send shivers down your spine, and he took another sniff from you, laughing all the way.

“C-can we be done with this? I brought what you wanted and they are getting cold you know” it was a good enough reason, a lie, but still a reason.

He chuckled one last time before letting you go and going to sit in the exact same spot as last time, you fought the goosebumps of being so close to him and sat down as well.

You gave him the caramel popcorn and put the cokes at his reach just in case

He grabbed one, but the caramel was still sticky and he dropped it out of disgust

You just stared at him unbelieving, if you understood correctly this asshole ate humans with his bare hands, but he is disgusted by some sticky caramel?! Your brain was going to explode!

He looked at you, his eyes a greenish combination, you guessed that meant he was chill but he could still kill you any time.

He pursed his lips and transformed his hands into claws like last time, your heart rate speed up, he chuckled but made no comment and went to grab a popcorn again.

This time he took a moment to admire its new color, and then looked at you expectantly.

He was still playing this? “I-it’s the same as the other popcorn, but instead of butter it’s covered in caramel...you know, like sugar” you explained.

He nodded once and opened his mouth wide to put the one popcorn on his tongue , you were pretty sure that was just to show off his teeth and make you smell more like fear, and then closed them and started to chew on it.

Apparently he liked them because next thing you now he started to eat handfuls of them.

You let go a breath you didn’t know you were holding, if he liked them then you were safe!

Now that you relaxed a little bit, you were able to take a better look at him.

His clothes were too dirty, it was obvious for the smell why that was, and you thought about how maybe if they were clean they might be a

totally different color.

The frills on his neck where worst, you could tell they were old as hell, because on some parts there were pieces of fabric missing.

Oh but his makeup was perfect, just like you remembered, white face and red lips with lines to his eyes.

You chuckled, his eyes were full blue now....and looking two different directions.

You focused on other things around you, he said last time he was going back to his home right?, then that means maybe that is somewhere close to there, ugh you hopped then that maybe you could change you meeting place then becau-

\*HACK GLURP\*

You closed your eyes out of disgust, knowing what was about to happen.

But your morbid curiosity got the best of you and you tried to sneak a peek, just a small one

And you were met with rows upon rows of teeth, his face no longer could be called human like, and his claws almost all the way down its mouth, scrapping at the stuck hulls as if they were his sworn enemies.

He closed his mouth and in a second he was right back at eating his popcorn.

You guessed it was now or never. “So, Mr. Pennywise, uhm, i-is this going to be a weekly meeting or am I done? I mean there are not that many kinds of popcorn here and...uh...yeah...”

He stopped eating and gave you a smile so wide you were worried it might rip his face in two, his eyes changing to yellow “You know, I could kill you right now, without even blinking, I could rip you to pieces slowly as I feast on your fear, but still, I’m giving you a chance to be useful to me, to exchange your flesh for something different just so you can continue with you pathetic little life, you are not done yet, and you won’t be, not for the rest of your life” He finished with a laugh

You were trembling like a leaf and tears had beginning to fall when he started talking to you about ripping you to pieces, but once he said you were exchanging your life for something else, that really put things in perspective for you.

You are going to keep living....as long as you bring him popcorn or any kind of food he wants.

Whaaat?

“Ok then let me get this straight, you won’t eat me or hurt me, as long as I bring you popcorn or whatever food you want to try?” you had to be dreaming, this just sounded so ridiculous

“I have been living in this town for centuries, the people of this town drop their garbage down my sewers anytime they feel like it, and there is one thing that I haven’t been able to get my hands on without it being rotten and useless, and that is human food” He was spitting popcorn everywhere in his little rant.

“But you eat humans! And fear! Why would you want to eat these things, it’s not like you can go vegan all of a sudden?” you regretted your words as soon as they left your mouth, were you really telling this thing to better just eat kids than human food? What it wrong with you?

He pounced at you, his claws at your throat, “So you are saying you prefer me devouring you right now instead of eating the delicious offer you brought?” he was showing his teeth and slobbering all over you, you tried to get it together to save your neck

“Ok OK! FAIR ENOUGH! I’ll BRING YOU WHATEVER FOOD YOU WANT” you screamed, fear pouring out of you.

“Nice human” he said patting you in the head, just as you were going to scream something else at him He got closer to you ear ”besides, you fear just makes the food taste better” he laughed as he got up from where he had you.

And then went right back to eating.

You stayed right where you were, admiring the new meaning your life had, ‘bring food to the clown, and keep your life’ all right if you said it like that it wasn’t so bad.

You got up and went to grab another coke.

5 minutes later you wondered why he was taking so long on finishing these popcorn, they were less than last time that means less hulls!

Oh now you saw what was the problem, he was salivating too much because of the caramel, maybe it had gotten stuck on it teeth and it was uncomfortable?

You put the cokes closer to him, he looked at them surprised, apparently he hadn't noticed they were there.

He left the popcorn by his side and grabbed a coke in each hand, with his claws he opened both cans at the same time and downed them in one gulp.

This time you couldn't help to stare, not every day you see a monster downing two cans of coke in one go, you were seriously considering bringing a 3 litter coke next time, just to see what he would do.

It seemed the coke helped, because he got right back to eating, and this time he finished the rest of the box in under a minute.

He rested for a minute or so, and then stood up, you stood up as well not knowing where to look.

Awkward...

"So then, every week this time and place?" you finally asked.

He took your chin in his hand, you silently thanked him for

transforming those claws back into hands “Yes, although I might want a midweek snack every now and then, I’ll let you know when that happens” he chuckled, you could already smell the blood on your walls or mirrors.

“S-so what should I bring next time?” better get on his good side

He seemed to not have thought of it yet so he said “More popcorn, and something new” Then he let go of you and started walking in a random direction.

Odd, you hadn’t seen him walking away last time

“OH! Before I forget” he said showing his teeth and flashing his yellow eyes “If you ever say I’m not real again, there will be consequences to pay” he growled.

You were surprised by this, but and once you blinked he was gone.

It seems you hit a raw nerve there.

Well, you were certainly going to have to get a job to maintain the clown’s appetite for human food.

Right now you just wanted to go home and sleep until Monday.

### **Author's Note:**

I think next one is going to focus more on the interaction between Reader and Pennywise, just needed to clear some things out, now the possibilities are endless!

Thanks for reading!